

Wanda Jackson "Snowbird"

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SNOWBIRD

Writer Gene MacLellan

Beneath this snowy mantle cold and clean
The unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to
green
The snowbird sings the song he always sings
And speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in
spring
When I was young my heart was young then too
Anything that it would tell me that's the thing that I
would do
But now I feel such emptiness within
For the thing that I want most in life is the thing that I
can't win
Spread your tiny wings and fly away
And take the snow back with you where it came from on
that day
The one I love forever is untrue
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you
The breeze along the river seems to say
That he'll only break my heart again should I decide to
stay
So little snowbird take it with you when you go
To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful
waters flow
Spread your tiny wings...
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you

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